

The Prince and the Frog

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Summary: A small frog latches on to Simba's head, and brainwashes him into doing whatever he tells him to. Can his friends save the Prince before he loses his mind?

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1: A Well Deserved Break**

AN: I bet the title caught your attention. I think it's pretty clever. Either that or a cheap joke, but whatever. I quite like this one. Don't worry – it's not as confusing as the *last* two stories. I've gone back to simplicity again. For now. Heh-heh-heh...

The Prince and the Frog

Chapter One: A Well Deserved Break

"Come on, move!" Simba ordered, as he kept walking across the dusty land at a brisk pace, determined to get to his destination before it was too late. It was going to take a long time, but in the end, it would all be worth it. Time was of the essence. This was a matter of life and death!

"I want my break!"

"A break? If this is a break, then I want to know what *work* feels like," Haiba remarked, struggling to keep up with Simba and the frantic speed at which he was walking. "Isn't the point of a break to feel all relaxed and refreshed? 'Cause right now, I feel like the complete opposite. Has it occurred to you that maybe we're doing something wrong?"

"What was wrong with relaxing by the water hole all day?" Nala asked, her whole body aching after walking around for two hours non-stop. "It's, like, right next to Pride Rock. We would have only had to walk for two minutes!"

"I'm tired of hanging around the same place all the time," replied Simba, his pace not slowing down even a little bit. "We need a change of scenery. Aren't you sick of it, too?"

"No," answered Haiba. "I've only lived here for a few weeks. It's all still pretty new to me. So I'm not really bored. I'm not sure about Nala, though." He glanced at her. "Are *you* tired of the Pride Lands?"

"No!" Nala exclaimed. "Not when I have to walk hundreds of miles to get away for one day! And I also have to walk hundreds of miles to get *back*!" She sighed. "Simba, let's just turn around and go home. There's no point to this. Let's just take a long nap or something."

Simba stared at her with wide eyes. "What?" he exclaimed. "You've gotta be kidding me. Where's your sense of adventure?"

"I think I left it at home today," replied Haiba. "After all that business with the King of Dreams, I'm ready to sleep... for a month."

"But it wasn't even real," Simba argued. "It was all just a dream – remember? None of it actually *happened*. And that means you can't get tired from it!" He narrowed his eyes in suspicion. "Wait a minute, you're just lying to me, aren't you?"

Haiba had a nervous grin on his face. "Nope," he replied, an innocent look in his eyes. "What would give you a silly idea like that? I must say I'm offended. In all my years—"

"Months," Nala corrected him.

"—I've never heard such a ridiculous accusation," he finished. "How could say that to one of your best friends?"

"Are you finished?" Simba asked, hardly paying any attention to what Haiba had just said.

"Yes, I am," Haiba replied.

Simba smiled. "Good. And come on – it's not *that* bad. You'll thank me in the end. I'm taking you to a place that you won't even believe is real!"

"Is that because it *isn't* real?" Nala asked. "Are you sure you haven't dreamed of the most beautiful place in the world?"

"I haven't dreamed in a long while," was Simba's answer. "Not since... Well, you know what happened. Let's just say I'm not exactly a fan of dreams anymore. Unless they involve a lot of hugs – and in some cases, kisses. But never mind that. This is going to be *fun*!"

"If it's fun then I'll claw out my eyes," Haiba told him. "Which would actually spoil my enjoyment of the place, but whatever." He shrugged. "A deal's a deal."

Much to Nala and Haiba's surprise, Simba stopped and turned around to face them. "Hey, have I ever let you down before?" he asked.

Haiba opened his mouth to answer. "Well—"

Simba covered Haiba's mouth with a paw "Don't answer that," he interrupted. "It was a rhetorical question."

Haiba spoke again, his voice sounding muffled. "But that doesn't make any—" Simba pressed his paw against Haiba's mouth, sealing it shut.

"Simba, let go of him," said Nala, giving him a disapproving look. "Otherwise we're not going to come with you."

Simba smiled, rolled his eyes and removed his paw from Haiba's mouth.

"Thank you," Haiba said flatly. "Now just where the heck is this 'totally awesome' place you keep talking about? 'Cause right now, all I see is dirt and a lot of bones. Plus the occasional hole in the ground. Other than that, it looks like the inside of a stupid person's mind."

"And how would you know that?" Nala asked, looking slightly confused. "How can you see inside other people's minds?"

"I met a girl once," Haiba explained. "Psychic powers. Surprisingly creative. But then she was able to know everything I was going to say to her. I realised that life would have gotten pretty boring that way, so I had her killed."

"*What?*" Simba and Nala both exclaimed instantaneously, their eyes wide with horror.

Haiba chuckled. "I'm kidding. Relax, guys," he said, waving a paw in the air. "I just dumped her. To be honest, I wasn't that attractive to her, either." He stroked his cheek. "Maybe I should have been a bit nicer, though. I hate it when they slap me in the face. I think I got lucky when I met you, Nala."

"I only slap Simba," she informed Haiba. "And that's only when he completely loses his mind – which happens quite a lot, when you think about it." She shrugged. "Oh, well."

"Would it make you happy if I told you we were close to the most amazing, cool, totally awesome place ever?" Simba asked, an eager and excited tone in his voice. He sounded like he really *was* going to show them the greatest place on earth!

Haiba's eyes widened, a bit of excitement flaring up inside of him. "Are we *really*?" he asked, a grin spreading across his face.

"No," Simba responded. "But don't worry – a few more hours and we'll be right there."

"A *few more hours*?" Haiba cried at the top of his voice. "You can't expect me to walk for a few more *hours*!"

"This is insane!" Nala exclaimed, staring at her boyfriend with disbelief.

Simba laughed. "Relax, I'm kidding," he told him. "It's actually only ten minutes away." He pointed across the barren land. "You see that kind of... grassy place all the way over there?"

Nala and Haiba had to squint pretty hard to see it. It was far out in the distance, but they could just about make it out. It looked like some kind of small forest placed in the middle of nowhere.

Nala shot a look at Simba. "Are you sure that place is real, Simba?" she asked him. "Looks like a mirage or something to me."

"It's not a mirage," Simba insisted.

"So have you actually *been* here before?" said Haiba.

"Um... no," Simba replied, looking sheepishly down at the ground. "I just kinda... heard about it, you know?"

"Well... who'd you hear about it from?" Nala asked, looking towards the hazy outline in the distance.

"Uh... Zazu," came the shy reply.

"Zazu?" Nala exclaimed, her eyes wide. "And how do you know you can trust him? Remember, Simba, he *is* the bird who managed to get you into a deadly challenge for control of the Pride Lands."

"Don't remind me," Simba replied, frowning. "But you can see it right there! If it isn't real, then you're free to break all of my legs. Deal?"

"Well, I wouldn't go *that* far—"

"Deal!" Haiba interrupted, grinning.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Down by the River

Chapter Two: Down by the River

"See?" Simba pointed eagerly to the forest when they got there. "This is *insane*!" he exclaimed. "All of this in the middle of nowhere! What do you know – Zazu was right! Banana-Beak did something *good* for once!"

"I like bananas," Haiba told them, for no particular reason. "Bananas are good. Great source of potassium."

"Potassi-what?" Simba asked, turning to Haiba.

"Oh, it's this... thing," Haiba replied. "Not important at all. Never mind. Anyway..." He looked around, and smiled. "I have to say, you were right. This place is pretty cool. So what can a guy do in this place for fun?"

Simba shrugged. "I don't know," he replied. "Probably some tall trees to climb. Maybe a cave. *Definitely* a river." He sniffed the air. "I can smell water." He sighed, a happy smile on his face. "Cool, clear, refreshing water."

"It's mine first!" Haiba declared, running past Simba and Nala and into the little forest, desperate for a drink.

As he ran, he noticed that the temperature had changed drastically – for the better, that is. It felt a lot cooler and nicer. Much different from the sweltering heat of the dusty land they had been walking across. It felt like they were going to be travelling across it for all eternity. Like some kind of strange purgatory. As if they were stuck in perpetual limbo.

Haiba shuddered at the thought. He didn't like the idea of spending eternity in a desolate place. That's why he felt sorry for all the bad people in the world. The ones that had died, anyway. According to Simba, all a bad person got when they passed on with darkness. Endless darkness. For ever. He had to admit, that was pretty scary.

And just a little bit clever. The designer of death clearly deserved a little credit for that.

"Where's the river, where's the river?" Haiba muttered, looking left and right for the river that Simba claimed would be here. "Simba said there would be a river, so I'm expecting there to be a river here!"

"Haiba, wait up!" Simba exclaimed, running over to Haiba, skidding to a halt by his side. "Jeez, I've never seen you run like that! You're faster than a stampeding wildebeest today!"

"I become very fast when I'm thirsty," Haiba explained. "Which is kind of weird, when you think about it. If you're thirsty, then you shouldn't have much energy, should you? But you *do* have energy, *because* you're thirsty."

Simba shrugged. "I guess," he agreed. "My dad once told me that before you freeze to death, you feel really safe and warm."

"You guys talking about me?" Nala asked, joining the two cubs. "Or are there other things safer and warmer than an adorable girl like me?"

"We were just talking about freezing to death," Haiba told her. "Apparently it's not as bad as some people think."

"Felt pretty bad yesterday," Nala remarked, pushing past the two cubs and walking forwards. "So where's the river around these parts? I can't wait to go for a swim – especially after all that walking."

"It should be somewhere over here," said Simba, walking alongside Nala. Haiba joined her. "I'm pretty sure of it. *Positively* sure. Perfectly sure. One hundred per cent sure."

"We get the idea," said Haiba quickly. "We should just follow the sound of the flowing liquid." He listened out for sound, and could hear birds tweeting. He frowned.

Haiba didn't really like that sound anymore.

"I can hear water coming from *somewhere*," Simba told them, putting a paw to his ear. "I guess all we have to do is follow the—"

Simba tripped over an unseen ledge, and ended up slipping down a large hill with water inside.

It was water slide!

"*Stream!*" Simba yelled as he slid down the slide, feeling both scared and excited at the same time. It was a very tricky

feeling to describe.

"Simba, stop playing around!" Nala called, staring at Simba disapprovingly as he slid down the slide. "This is no time for fun and games!" She narrowed her eyes. "Wait a minute..." She then grinned. "Yes, it is!"

With that, Nala jumped down the slope, sliding down it on her stomach. "*Yippee!*" she cried, finally able to enjoy herself properly for the first time in a couple of days.

Haiba shrugged. "Ah, what the heck," he said, before sliding down the slope on his back. "*Cowabunga, dude!*"

Simba reached the end of the slide, falling off the edge and landing in a river below. *Splash!*

Simba emerged from the cool water, coughing and spluttering. "Whoa!" he exclaimed. "That was..." Suddenly, Simba felt something in his mouth. He put his paw inside, and pulled out a little fish. "*Yuck!*" he said, before tossing the fish back in the river.

"*Oof!*" Suddenly, Simba was hit by something. It only took him a few seconds to realise that it was Nala. "Nala, watch where you're sliding!"

"Sorry," Nala apologised, looking around the river.

It truly was beautiful. The river seemed to wind through the whole of the small forest. Bright sunlight shone down on the crisp, clear water, causing it to sparkle with beauty and wonder. Lush, green hills were on either side of it. Nala had never seen anything like this in her life before.

"Wait a minute." Nala narrowed her eyes. "Where is—"

Haiba smacked into the two cubs, and they all disappeared under the water. "Guys, it's okay! I landed on something..." He looked down. "Oh."

Simba and Nala swam over to the right edge of the river, clambering onto dry land. They lay on their backs, breathing heavily after their exciting ride. "That was... wet," Simba said after a moment of silence. "But hey – we found the river."

"Yep!" Haiba exclaimed, joining them on the hill. "And the best part is that we have it all to ourselves!"

"Yeah!" Simba and Nala agreed, grinning.

"It's our own little place. Who is weird enough to come all the way out here just to swim in a river?" said Simba, confident that this small little patch of heaven now belonged to them.

"Us," Nala replied, giving him a funny look. "But then again, *no one* is as weird as the three of us."

"Exactly," Haiba said, pointing at Nala. "That's why this is so foolproof. This whole place is our little strip of paradise. We're probably the first people to walk upon its ground!"

Simba, Nala and Haiba were partially true. They were certainly the first *cubs* to enter this strange little place. But there were plenty of other inhabitants. These included fish, bugs, and amphibians to name but a few.

But there was one little person who they really, *really* didn't want to meet. Because if they did, then their fate was sealed.

Unfortunately, the three cubs were never the type of people to stay out of trouble...

AN: Water slide! Now *that's* what I call fun! Maybe I should change this story, and make it so Simba, Nala and Haiba have fun for seven chapters...

Nah! Next chapter is where all the good stuff happens. Don't miss it! But knowing how faithful you brilliant readers are, I know you won't.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: A Time for Thinking

AN: Frogs, frogs, frogs. Strange little things, aren't they? But I'm sure they won't cause Simba any harm at all...

SimbaPridelands: Oddly enough, I have a craving to go down a water slide right now. Maybe I should go to the pool after publishing this...

Reldor: Sadly, it's *a/ways* too good to be true...

Chapter Three: A Time for Thinking

Nala sighed to herself, allowing a smile to spread across her face. It was so relaxing around this area Simba had brought them to. She was sorry for ever doubting him. All that time spent walking was completely worth it...

"Oh, Simba..." said Nala, resting her head on her boyfriend's chest. "Isn't it so romantic around here?"

"I guess," he replied, smiling back at her. He let a yawn escape his mouth. "Wow. This sun is making me tired. This place is so sleepy and... exhausting – but we haven't done anything. Am I the only cub here who finds that a little bit weird?"

"Simba..." Nala pulled his face towards her. "Don't go worrying about things like that. It'll spoil this... romantic moment between us."

Simba chuckled nervously, realising what Nala was getting at. "Well, Nala... I'm not sure about this... Maybe we could try doing a 'romantic moment' some other time. Maybe next year."

Simba tried to pull away, but Nala persisted, pinning him down and kissing him on the muzzle.

Simba's eyes widened in surprise. *Whoa...* he thought, before kissing Nala back. *Maybe this romantic moment won't be so bad after all...*

Haiba jumped out of the water, landing next to Simba and Nala by their spot on the hill. "Have you tried swimming in this river?" He realised what they were doing, and smiled. "Hey, you're kissing. Cool!"

Simba and Nala noticed him, and quickly jumped away from each other, blushing. "Haiba!" Nala exclaimed, staring at him angrily. "What the heck are you doing over here?"

He pointed to the river. "I was just... swimming, and I came here to dry myself. You wouldn't see me doing that in the *water*, would you?"

"You couldn't have left it a little longer?" asked Nala. "We were kind of having a... *moment*, if you know what I mean. A *special* moment."

Haiba raised his eyebrows, looking quite horrified. "You're not trying to have cubs of your own, are you? You can't! You're way too young!"

Simba sighed, shaking his head. "Are you insane?" he asked in disbelief. "She was talking about *kissing*! Do you really think we're stupid enough to try and do something like... *that*? It's just... It's just... *sick*!"

"Phew!" Haiba breathed a sigh of relief. "I got worried for a second there! I almost thought you two were trying to play a little game of 'Kings and Queens', if you know what I mean." He shook his head, chuckling. "How silly of me."

"Yeah, silly you," said Simba, getting to his paws. "Tell you what: I'm going for a walk. You two stay here. I need some time to myself."

"Time to yourself?" Haiba exclaimed. "A minute ago you looked like you two were stuck together! You might as well be inside each other's bodies!"

"Been there, done that," remarked Nala, thinking back to one of her and Simba's previous adventures. That was one of the more memorable ones... "Don't ask," she said, upon seeing Haiba's reaction.

Haiba shook his head. "Whatever. What's with the 'Lone Prince' attitude, Simba?" he asked. "When did you start neglecting your good friends?"

"Uh... I'm not," replied Simba. "I just kind of... need some thinking time to myself, you know? There are things that... I need to think about. That's why it's called *thinking* time. Get it?"

"Sort of," said Haiba, scratching his head. "Well, go on, then. Just don't go getting yourself into trouble."

"And what are *you* going to be doing?" Nala asked, turning to Haiba.

"Swimming some more!" Haiba replied, a grin spreading across his face. "That water isn't too hot and it isn't too cold. It's just right! Reminds me of a story I heard once before... Anyway, I'm gonna try and get to the bottom. I wonder what secrets there are down there..."

He shot a look down at the clear, sparkling water of the river. "There could be bodies, or treasure – or *both*!" He looked at Nala. "You can join me if you want, Nala. Or is swimming above your duties as the Princess?"

"*Nothing* is above me, Haiba," Nala told him. "But I'm occupied with something else at the moment. There's a spot over there with my name on it! I am going to soak up the sun until there's nothing left of it."

Haiba narrowed his eyes at her. "Right. I'm not sure that's physically possible, but hey, it's not the weirdest thing I've ever seen before," he said with a shrug. "I remember this one time where I thought the sky was falling." He shuddered. "I still have nightmares about that day."

"Why is it all of a sudden *you're* the ones who are getting nightmares?" Simba wondered. "It's pretty weird, if you ask me. The day I stop getting bad dreams, you *start* getting them." He shrugged. "Oh, well. See you in about an hour or so."

"Watch out for branches sticking out of the ground," Haiba warned Simba as he walked away. "I hear that if you fall on them, then they can impale you right through the chest!"

"I'll be careful," Simba assured him. "When am I *not* careful?"

"So many times that I've completely lost count," Nala answered, as she lay on her back, shuffling her body around to make herself comfortable. "Just be Prince Simba – you're good at that."

Simba saluted her, smiling. "Got it," he said, before vanishing through a group of trees.

I'm always careful, Simba told himself. I've only ever gotten myself into trouble, like, a hundred and seventeen times before. That's nothing. It could be worse – I could have gotten into trouble thousands of times! Just who do they think I am? Some sort of cub who has a thirst for danger?

He chuckled a little. *Well, I am a cub with a thirst for danger, but that's not the point. I'm a very careful cub with a thirst for danger. And there's nothing wrong with that at all.*

Simba hopped over a bush, and found himself at a small little pond. "More water," he said, still surprised by how much water there was in this strange forest-like area. Where was it all coming from? This was all in the middle of nowhere. The ground was dried up. It was as if the place had a magical aura surrounding it...

But he didn't have time to think about this, because he heard an odd little sound coming from around the pond.

The croaking of a frog.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Croak of the Frog

Chapter Four: Croak of the Frog

Simba looked around upon hearing the croaking noise. *What was that?* he asked himself, concentrating on above the trees. Maybe it was a bird or something. But it didn't *sound* like a bird...

"Who... who is it?" Simba asked, suddenly feeling a little nervous and vulnerable, all alone in this secluded little spot. There could be monsters out there for all he knew. Maybe this was the home of all the evil lions in the world! Simba, Nala and Haiba could have walked right into a death trap! "I... I'm not scared," he stammered, his breathing becoming heavy. "Sh-show yourself..."

"Down here," whispered a little voice from below Simba, followed by another loud croak.

Simba's eyes shot downwards, and he found himself staring at a small little frog on the ground, positioned just before his forepaws. "What?" he exclaimed, his auburn eyes glinting with curiosity. "This is... This is weird," he said, feeling a little strange. "Wow. A frog. Talking to me. How odd."

Simba thought he saw the frog smile. "I can talk to anyone," the frog informed him. "It's not that hard – once you figure out how to move your lips and say your words. *You* seem to be managing well with it."

The frog had a very friendly voice. It was strange, all right, but Simba wasn't nearly as scared as he was a few moments ago.

"It's just that... I don't normally see frogs talking," Simba told him. "Most of the times they kinda... just... stand there, croaking. You know, like this." Simba imitated a frog croaking. "Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes. I understand what you're saying quite well," replied the frog. "You're the first person I've talked to in a long while. No one's been around here in years. The only other forms of life I've seen around here are flies – and most of them are in my stomach!" he joked with a laugh.

"Haven't you ever thought of finding some *other* frogs?" Simba asked the small amphibian. "Surely you can't be the only one around here. Haven't you got a family? A mom? A dad? Brother? Sister?"

The frog shook his head. "I'm afraid not. They've been gone a long time now. It's just been me for the past couple of years – all alone in this watery little place. I've never even been outside. Have you? Is it nice out there? Do they have other frogs where you come from?"

This frog liked to talk! How many more other questions was he going to ask? Simba guessed that if you hadn't spoken to anyone in a few years, then you must have had a lot of questions on your mind. Frogs were a lot more intelligent than he thought...

"There's not much around here," Simba answered. "Just a lot of... dirt. And some weeds. And some holes. It's not really all that special. I'm actually surprised all of this is in the middle of nowhere. I thought we were going to be walking for ever."

"They all find it eventually," the frog muttered under his breath, looking down at the ground. "All of them..."

"What did you say?"

The frog looked up. "Nothing. So who are you? What's your name? Where do you live?"

More and more questions. Simba could already feel his head beginning to spin. This frog was going a mile a minute!

"Well, my name is Simba. *Prince* Simba, to be exact," he declared proudly. "One day I'm gonna be the King of the Pride Lands!"

"A *king*?" exclaimed the frog, his big eyes growing wide. "Well isn't that interesting? I've never met a prince before. Come to think of it, I've never met *anyone* before. This is quite an honour."

"So what's your name?" Simba asked, finding himself wanting to know more about this little guy. It was as if the frog was having some kind of weird effect on him. But he just couldn't figure out what it was...

"Froggy," he introduced himself. "Not the most interesting of names, I'll give you that, but it's very easy to remember. Froggy. Yep. It doesn't get more simpler than that."

"Froggy, eh?" Simba smiled. "Well, it's very nice to meet you, Froggy." His eyes darted left and right. "So what are you doing around here? This isn't where you live, is it?"

"Oh, I live wherever I want to," Froggy told Simba. "When you have this whole oasis to yourself, you find there are a lot of places to go to. Caves, trees, rivers, ponds... It seems to go on for ever! Even though I've got no one to talk to, I never ever get bored!"

"Really?" Simba was surprised. "Wow. The Pride Lands – that's where I live, by the way – are pretty big, but it gets boring after a while."

"Big, eh?" said Froggy, a sneaky little smile spreading across his face. "Simba, tell me: *how* big are the Pride Lands?"

"*Huge!*" Simba exclaimed. "It's *nothing* compared to this. It's a massive kingdom, and one day I'm gonna rule it all!"

"Hmm..." Froggy had a thoughtful look on his face. "So do you think there's room for a frog like *me* in the Pride Lands?"

Upon hearing Froggy's question, Simba wasn't quite sure of what to say. "Um... I'm not really sure about that, Froggy," he said honestly. "I mean, it's a pretty long way back. What if you end up *drying* to death or something?"

Froggy looked a little offended. "But I thought I was your friend, Simba," he said, his eyes showing a seemingly immense amount of sadness.

Simba gulped nervously, but then shook his head. No. He couldn't do this. Froggy would never survive the trip back home. "Nah, I'm sorry, Froggy. I just can't do it. You wouldn't live. I think you're better off staying here. Maybe when you get a little older we can do it."

"Simba, take me to the Pride Lands," Froggy ordered, a commanding tone in his voice.

"There's no need to speak to me like that," Simba retorted, frowning disapprovingly at Froggy. "I told you why I can't take you with me. You'll just have to deal with it. I'll see ya around."

Simba turned around and proceeded to walk away. *I'd better get back to Nala and Haiba*, he thought to himself. *Otherwise I'm just going to be running around in circles with this frog.*

"Simba, come back," Froggy ordered, sounding even more controlling now.

"Goodbye, Froggy," was all Simba said.

The conversation was closed.

Froggy frowned. "I don't think so!" he snarled, before leaping up into the air, landing on top of Simba's head.

"Hey!" Simba exclaimed, looking upwards. "Froggy, what are you—"

Froggy's long tongue shot out, and it worked its way through Simba's ear.

Suddenly, Simba's eyes glowed green, looking like he was in some kind of hypnotic trance.

"Simba..." said Froggy. "You are feeling very sleepy... *very sleepy*..."

"I am feeling very sleepy," Simba said, his eyes half closed.

"Now, listen up Simba and listen good," said Froggy, his tongue retracting back into his mouth, all of a sudden appearing to be very menacing. "You're going to do every little thing I say, like a good little prince, aren't you?"

Simba nodded blankly in agreement. He obeyed.

"Now, first of all you're going to take me back to the Pride Lands," the villainous frog instructed. "And once we get there, the fun will begin. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes, master," Simba obeyed.

Froggy smiled. "Excellent."

AN: Oh, no. Psycho frogs. Surely Nala and Haiba can see through this? Unless, of course, it's not that simple...

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Simba's New Friend

AN: From the looks of the last chapter, Simba was in quite a bit of trouble. Didn't his mother ever tell him not to speak to frogs?

626and624: I know! Simba must have been hypnotised about four times now! I'm not sure what effect it will have on his brain. Maybe he'll develop hypnosis powers himself!

arianastar1529: Yes, Haiba is a bit interested in Simba and Nala's relationship. But it's not like he has a crush on one of them or anything like that... Wouldn't that be silly?

Chapter Five: Simba's New Friend

"Boy, I just can't wait until we get to the Pride Lands," said Froggy, as Simba headed away from the forest-like area they were in. Simba was going to take Froggy straight to the Pride Lands – where he would put his ingenious plan into action.

For too long had he sat here, whiling away the hours all by himself. He had nothing to do. It was just so... *boring*!

Simba was his only chance of escaping. There was no way he would be able to get across the dusty, barren land that surrounded his 'home' on his own. He'd die before the end of the day. And he wouldn't even make it far enough, anyway.

So he was going to hitch a ride. That had been his plan for the last few years. But unfortunately, every time someone stumbled along, something always seemed to go wrong. He just couldn't control his powers. Most times he tried to brainwash someone, it just ended up with their brain exploding into pieces – and that wasn't a very pretty sight.

He was surprised that this little cub was the first person who had survived the brainwashing process. Taking over someone's mind wasn't an easy thing to do – especially for a tiny little frog like him. He would have expected the process to have been a lot tougher on Simba. But it was weird. He didn't even put up a—

"Hey!" Simba exclaimed angrily, batting Froggy off his head with a paw, sending him to the ground. "What gives? I was very friendly to you, and what did you give me in return? You brainwashed me! How could you?"

"What...?" Froggy slowly got to his feet, looking up at Simba confusedly. What was going on? This wasn't supposed to happen... "How did you...? How did you—"

"How did I snap out of it?" Simba finished for the evil amphibian. "Well, you're pretty pathetic at this mind control business. I've been hypnotised before, you know. Generally, the hypnotist is supposed to have a lot more control. Did I ever tell you about Tama? I suppose not, but that isn't the point right now."

"But... but I'm your master now!" Froggy declared, trying to sound threatening, but failing miserably. "You have to obey my every command! Otherwise I'll... I'll—"

"You're not gonna do anything," Simba interrupted, taking on a confident posture.

It was that time of the day again: the time where he gloated to his enemies about how he had triumphed over them. He *loved* being a hero! "I knew I could always beat you – and it only took me five minutes! Your mind control was far too weak, Froggy. Basically, you made me feel sleepy. That was it." He raised a paw. "Now prepare to be squashed!"

"Wait!" Froggy cried, a pleading look in his eyes. "You can't squash me! I'm just an innocent little frog!"

"Oh, are you?" Simba retorted, a frown on his face. "'Cause from what I've seen, you're *far* from innocent. You were going to make me take you back to the Pride Lands!"

"Is that such a crime?" Froggy asked. "I only wanted to get away from this awful place. I *hate* it here! I want to live somewhere else! Why can't you just take me already?"

"Oh, don't give me that!" Simba exclaimed, frowning. "I know *exactly* what you were up to! You were going to try and take over the kingdom by brainwashing everyone! It's what they all want! Do you think you're the first psycho I've ever had to fight?"

"I am *not* a psycho!" Froggy argued. "There's nothing wrong with my brain. I just want unlimited power and everlasting control. Is that really too much to ask for?"

"For a frog – yes," said Simba. "Now – because I'm very nice – I'm going to give you a choice: you can either go back

home, or I'm going to squash you into a puddle of green slime. You've got five seconds to decide. Better make it quick. Five... four... three..."

"This is quite a tough decision," said Froggy, a thoughtful look on his face. "But I'm afraid I have to decline your friendly gesture. I've got other plans to follow through with. Plans that involve *you*, Simba."

Simba shook his head, smiling. "I don't think so," he said. The frog had lost. It was all over. "Face it, Froggy. I win. It's not too late to change your mind. I don't exactly want to have your guts between my toes after I squish you."

"Oh, shut up and obey me," Froggy said, before his long tongue shot out again, going inside Simba's ear. He stuck it in even deeper, determined this time to make sure things didn't go wrong. "That's it, Simba," he growled. "You're going to obey me, otherwise I'll squeeze your brain so hard that it won't just be your brain that explodes! *Am I making myself clear?*"

Simba had his eyes tightly shut, and was desperately trying to resist the acid-like effect of Froggy's tongue. It was as if his mind was on fire... *Must... fight... his... powers...* Simba was trying with all his might to fight back...

But it just wasn't good enough. In a matter of seconds, his eyes were half-closed once more, and this time, he was completely under Froggy's control.

"It's gotta work this time!" Froggy exclaimed, his tongue shooting back into his mouth. "No one can resist being brainwashed *twice*! There's something special about this... this Prince Simba. His will is stronger than I first imagined. Certainly a lot stronger than the other lions and cubs who have come through here. Either that or my powers weren't as good as they were claimed to be. I'd like to make a complaint to that Hago guy for misleading me..."

Froggy looked up at his little slave, and smiled. "Simba, I demand you to take me to the Pride Lands, and I'd like you to avoid those stupid friends of yours."

Froggy had been watching Simba as soon as he and his friends entered his 'home'. He had to get out of here before they noticed what he was up to. They would stop him from getting out of this hellhole. And he wasn't exactly the best in the fighting department, so a speedy escape was necessary.

"Yes, master," Simba obeyed, walking. "I will take you to the Pride Lands, and I will avoid those stupid friends of mine."

Froggy frowned. "Hmm..." he said, thinking for a moment. "You might want to take away that 'zombie slave' tone, Simba," he suggested. "If anyone finds us, then they'll see what we're up to instantly."

"Yes, master." Simba blinked, and then suddenly he felt like he was himself again. He no longer felt like Froggy was brainwashing him. He had control of his free will again!

Well, not really. That was just what Froggy was *making* him think. "So why do you want to come with me, Froggy?" Simba asked, forgetting that Froggy had even brainwashed him in the first place.

"I'm tired of living here, Simba," Froggy explained. "I want a new kingdom to control – I mean, live in. You'd feel the same way after living here for years on end, with absolutely nothing to do."

"I suppose so," Simba agreed. "I'm always having adventures away from the Pride Lands. I guess when there's a really big world out there, you've got to go and see more of it. You won't believe the things I've seen."

"Then tell me," Froggy ordered, causing Simba's eyes to glow green for a fraction of a second.

Simba shook his head frantically, suddenly feeling very dizzy. But he thought nothing of it. "Well, okay," he agreed, a friendly smile on his face. "It all started when I met the most beautiful cub in the world..."

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Haiba Wants a Kiss

Chapter Six: Haiba Wants a Kiss

"I don't believe this," Nala said to herself, staring at her reflection in the water. "It's been an hour now. Don't you think that would have been *enough* thinking time for Simba? For him, an hour is a long time to be on his own."

Haiba emerged from the water, resting against the edge of the river. "Ah, don't worry about him," he said. "You know Simba – he probably just got side-tracked trying to save a poor, defenceless creature."

Nala shrugged. "Maybe you're right. But what poor, defenceless creatures are there going to be all the way out here? Aside from a few flies, I doubt there's anyone else around. It's just us three cubs. No one else. Unless, of course, everyone who lives here turns invisible after a while."

"Nah," replied Haiba. "I've met invisible people before. They make hide-and-seek way more fun than the normal version."

Nala stared at him. "Is there a trick to telling whether you're lying or not? Because half the time, I can't tell!"

"You shout at people a lot, don't you?" said Haiba, sticking a claw in his ear. "I think it's affecting my hearing. Use your quiet voice the next time you speak to me."

"Quiet voice?" Nala exclaimed loudly. "Since when did you care whether I'm shouting or not? I bet this is all some big joke to you! Is that what this—"

"Lots of quiet, in very large amounts," Haiba interrupted, holding up a paw for her to stop speaking. "I think that would be best. Now would you please tell me – *quietly* – why you're so worried about Simba all the time."

"Why do you think?" was Nala's response. "You get that way when you love someone. Especially someone as reckless as Simba. Do I need to remind you what happened when the King of Dreams decided to mess around with our heads?"

Haiba had a glum look on his face. "How could I forget?" he replied. "We killed ourselves. *Twice*. Not many people can go up to their parents and say, 'Hello, Mom, guess what I did today? I killed myself – *twice*!'"

"You see?" said Nala, grinning. "When you love someone that much, and they're taken away from you, you lose your mind."

She frowned, her expression turning deadly serious. "It's just that... Simba is very special to me. He was my first and best friend – he still is. And ever since then, I just... don't want anything to happen to him. I thought he was going to die once before. I also felt like killing myself then."

She looked into Haiba's eyes. "Do you ever get the idea that I'm completely insane, Haiba?" she asked him. It was actually a serious question. "Sometimes I get the feeling that some of my... father's personality has rubbed off on me."

"That's just a mental thing," Haiba explained, pointing to his head. "You've never thought that until you discovered the truth. Trust me, Nala. You're nothing like Hago. From what I saw of him, he was unbelievably evil. As for you – you're one of the nicest cubs I've ever met. And I don't get to say that very often."

Nala stared at him for a few moments, and then, she smiled. "You just want a kiss, don't you?" she realised.

Haiba sighed and nodded, smiling. "Yes," he admitted. "Yes, I am." He chuckled. "Darn. You are good, aren't you?"

"So good that no one can catch me out," Nala replied. "I kind of see you as a brother, Haiba." She narrowed her eyes. "That actually sounds quite creepy, if you think about it for long enough."

"Maybe I have a better chance of making it with Simba," Haiba joked. "He is one cute cub. Man, I need to find someone to kiss. Do you know how long it's been since a last had any kind of romantic moment with someone? A month! A whole *month*! I think I might die if I don't get at least a *hug* within the next week..."

"Oh, don't worry, Haiba," said Nala, patting him on the back gently. "You'll find someone who's exactly the same as you – one day. And then you can do whatever you like with each other."

"Well, that makes me feel better," Haiba said sarcastically. "At least *one* day I'll find someone. What if I don't find someone for *years*, Nala? Where am I going to get my 'action' from?"

"I guess that's a problem you're going to have to solve yourself," Nala told him. "All I know is that you're not getting any

kind of 'moment' from me, and that's that."

"What a shame." He shrugged. "Oh, well, I guess I can always dream."

That sat there in silence for a few moments, listening to the sound of the water gently flowing through the river. It was so nice and peaceful around this magical place. Nala wouldn't actually mind living here.

Well, she wouldn't mind if there were a few more people around. Right now, it just seemed kind of... lonely. It was as if no one had been here for years...

But surely *someone* must have been around? Otherwise, all of this would have dried out and died, along with the rest of the land surrounding it. A lot of things seemed to be dying recently. Nala supposed that was just coincidence...

"Right, that's it," Nala said, getting to her paws. "We're going to find Simba. Come on – get out of that river."

"But I like the river!" Haiba complained. "Why don't *you* go look for Simba, and I'll stay here?"

"If you find him then I'll give you a hug."

Haiba jumped out of the river. "Nala, what are you doing standing there?" he asked as he walked away. "Come on – we've gotta find Simba!"

Nala smiled, following Haiba. "Works every time," she said to herself. The power females had over males amazed her sometimes. No wonder her mother was always telling her to "take control of the situation."

"So where would our high and mighty Prince be this time of the day?" Haiba asked as he walking along the hill. "He can't have gone too far. Unless he suddenly decided to leave us all on our own."

"I don't think so," replied Nala. "Simba wouldn't just leave us like that. That'd just be... evil."

Haiba gave her a teasing smile. "Well, Simba has been evil before..." he muttered, stopping at a group of trees. "You never know what schemes he could be plotting in that mind of his..."

"Are you trying to say that Simba's left us all the way out here, in the middle of nowhere, so we'll starve to death?" said Nala, a doubtful expression on her face. She'd never heard of something so stupid before!

"He might have found another Uchoyo Diamond," Haiba mused. "And now maybe he's going to go back to the Pride Lands to finish what we started. Maybe this has all been part of his plan."

"Haiba, don't be so stupid," said Nala, ignoring his comments. "Simba's heart is filled with nothing but love for me and you. And when I say 'love', I mean it in a friendly way, so don't go getting any ideas. He's mine!"

"I see you're treating your boyfriend as an object," Haiba remarked. "He's just something you can *own*, now, is he?" He looked ahead, and pointed at something in the distance. "Oh, look, Simba's walking away with a frog on his head."

Nala followed his gaze, and then nodded. "Oh, yeah. Simba's walking away with a—" Her eyes grew wide. "Wait, *what?*"

AN: Ooh... nice bit of romantic tension from Nala and Haiba there. But it looks like she's sticking with Simba. Maybe the King of Dreams had a point when he was telling her to choose...

But then again, Haiba wouldn't be too upset with *Simba*, would he? Wouldn't that be an interesting story?

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Froggy Tries to Escape

AN: And I left you on the nine millionth cliff-hanger. But it does keep you wanting more, doesn't it? Sort of like a defence mechanism. Well, on to the reviews...

SimbaPridelands: Haiba's cute? Well... I suppose so. I always thought he was a bit of a sleazy flirt, myself. Maybe he's changed a bit since Simba and Nala came into his life.

kora22: Tama and Tojo? You want them to come back? Too bad! Nah, I'm just joking. Tama and Tojo will be back in the stories soon. That is, if you can handle waiting a little while longer. Good things to come to those who wait.

Chapter Seven: Froggy Tries to Escape

"Simba! What the heck are you doing?" Nala yelled, hurrying towards him, with Haiba right behind her.

Froggy winced when he saw the two approaching. "Oh, great," he mumbled, before looking down at Simba, who was still very much in his power. "Simba, try and get rid of your friends, otherwise I'm going to fry your brain!" he ordered.

Froggy wasn't going to lose again. He'd come so far, and he wasn't going to be beaten now! If he had to, then he would *kill* Nala and Haiba! He'd do anything to get out of this miserable place. *Anything!*

Simba's eyes glowed green for a few seconds. "Okay, Froggy," he agreed, as Nala and Haiba stood in front of him. "Hey, Nala and Haiba. Would you mind getting out of my way so I can take my best friend Froggy back to the Pride Lands?"

Froggy buried his face in Simba's fur. "Oh, you're such an idiot," he groaned, wishing that he would just disappear right now. "You weren't supposed to tell them that I told you to get rid of them!"

"Simba, what's going on?" Nala asked, looking up at the frog on top of his head. "What's up with that frog on your head? Who is he?"

"Pay no attention to the frog on top of my head," replied Simba. "He is in no way controlling me. I have my free will. I am not being brainwashed at all. You can trust me, Nala. Would I ever lie to you?"

"You would if you were under someone's control," Nala asked, yanking Froggy from Simba's head and holding him up to her face. "All right, buster!" she yelled threateningly, extending her claws. "You've got ten seconds to tell me what you're up to, otherwise I'm going to claw your eyes out – *slowly*. One... two... *ten!*"

"*Wait!*" Froggy cried, his big eyes looking even wider now. "I'm sorry! I tried to brainwash your friend, but he's just so stupid! He doesn't listen to a word I say! I mean... just *look* at him!"

Nala shifted her gaze over to Simba, who had gone cross-eyed and had a dumb smile on his face. He chuckled mindlessly.

"He's not stupid!" Nala exclaimed, returning her attention to Froggy. "You've *made* him stupid with your brainwashing techniques! I'm not really surprised – you're tiny! You actually think a frog like you is big enough to control someone's mind?"

"Don't mock my size!" Froggy shouted angrily. "My mother always told me that size doesn't matter! Well, until she got eaten by a hungry rhinoceros, but you get the point, right?"

"Hey, that's how my father died!" Haiba exclaimed, grinning.

Nala waved a paw at him. "Not now, Haiba," she said to him. "Now, Froggy, you'd better tell me how to undo this, otherwise I'm going to squeeze you till you pop." Nala started to slowly squeeze Froggy.

He squirmed and wriggled uncomfortably in her grip. "Now, now, let's not be too hasty," he said nervously, smiling up at Nala. "I'm sure we can come to some kind of arrangement, right?"

"The only arrangement I want is Simba back to his old self," Nala told him. "Now undo it – or you'll be sorry. *Very* sorry."

"All right!" Froggy finally gave in. "I'll change Simba back to his stupid old self! Jeez, I've never met more awkward people. I shouldn't have even bothered with this plan in the first place!"

"Yeah," said Haiba, looking at the treacherous frog. "Most of the people whose evil plans we stop tend to say that. We're

just too good for ya!"

Nala smiled triumphantly down at Froggy. "That's right," she agreed, before letting Froggy go, dropping him to the ground. "Now change him back, and then get on out of here!"

Froggy slowly climbed to his feet. "Oh, all right. Lousy cubs..." he muttered.

"What was that?" Nala asked angrily.

"Nothing, nothing," Froggy responded innocently, hopping on top of Simba's head. "I was just... muttering the secret incantation. I need to do that to change Simba back to his stupid – I – I mean, clever old self," he said with a chuckle.

"Make it quick," Nala ordered, narrowing her eyes at Froggy. "I don't trust frogs like you."

"And when have you ever talked to a frog before?" Haiba whispered in Nala's ear.

"Never," Nala whispered back. "But it sounds really cool when I say stuff like that."

Haiba nodded in understanding.

"Okay..." Froggy took a deep breath. "I've never actually done this before, but I might as well try. It's either that or get squeezed to death."

"You've never actually managed to reverse the process before?" asked Haiba, an eyebrow raised. "And you call yourself a brainwasher?"

A cruel smile spread across Froggy's face. "I'm not going to reverse the process," he replied sinisterly, before his long tongue shot out, working its way through Simba's ear for the third time.

Simba's eyes were glowing a bright green, and they stayed that way. Nala and Haiba looked on in confusion as Froggy dropped to the ground, motionless, as if he were dead. Simba blinked a few times, and then smiled. Nala and Haiba breathed a sigh of relief.

But then they heard something that made their blood run cold. "Ah, that feels much better," he said, patting his chest with a paw. "What do you know? It actually worked. I've successfully transferred my brain into Simba's body!" He laughed evilly. "Now what are you idiots going to do?"

Nala and Haiba gasped. "You took over his body?" Nala exclaimed, absolutely horrified. "How *could* you?"

He continued to laugh. "Because I'm getting out of here, baby!" Froggy exclaimed, speaking in Simba's voice.

"He called you 'baby'," Haiba noted. "Has anyone else ever called you 'baby'?"

"No, and they're not going to, because I'll tear their heads off," Nala replied quickly. "You switch back with Simba right now!"

Froggy scoffed. "No way! I'm gonna use this body to get the heck out of here! Now no one will be able to stop me in this new body! Not even a pair of idiots like you!"

"Idiots?" Nala growled, extending her claws. "That's it!"

She got ready to pounce at Froggy, when Haiba pulled her back. "Wait!" he cried. "You don't want to hurt him. It's Simba's body, remember? When he gets his body back – and he *will* get his body back – I don't think he's going to appreciate being covered in cuts and bruises, do you?"

Nala sighed, and nodded in agreement. Haiba was right. She couldn't do that to Simba. And it probably wouldn't have helped anyway. "Just what have you done with Simba, anyway?" she asked Froggy.

Froggy pointed with a claw to his old body. "We've switched places," he explained. "Now I'm in Simba's body, and Simba's in my body." He picked up his old body. "How are you doing, Simba?"

Simba – now in the body of a frog – hopped to his feet, croaking a little. "What...?" Simba looked down at his new amphibian body, and gasped in surprise. "What's happened to me?" he asked in Froggy's voice. "I've... I've mutated! I've become some kind of horrible monster! I can't rule the kingdom looking like this!"

"You put him in *your* body?" Haiba exclaimed, his eyebrows raised. "I suppose I can see the advantages. It'd certainly

take kissing to a whole new level."

"Does everything with you have to involve kissing?" Nala asked, turning to Haiba. "Simba might die!"

"Oh, he won't die," Froggy assured her, dropping Simba to the ground. "Well, if he knows how to take care of himself properly. He needs to keep an eye out for snakes, of course. They can be particularly troublesome. But I'm sure he'll be very happy here in his new home," he said with an evil chuckle.

Nala felt really weird hearing all of that being said in Simba's voice. Maybe it was because he wasn't evil. Either that or he had just had a very nice voice. "Change him back," Nala ordered, glaring at Froggy. "Now."

"This conversation is closed," Froggy replied, before turning around and walking away. "I hope you can find your way back home. Lots of people get lost around these parts. Lots and *lots* of people!"

"W-wait!" Nala cried, watching as Froggy disappeared through a group of bushes. "You can't do this to us! Come back!"

She went to chase after him, but Haiba put a paw on her shoulder, stopping her. "Nala, there's no point in going after him," he told her. "And besides, we can't leave Simba all on his own. He could be eaten by a snake. It's not exactly uncommon."

"Nala..." said Simba, looking up at her with his new frog eyes. "What's happened to me? What have I become?"

Nala picked him up gently with her forepaws, and stared into his eyes. "Don't worry about it, Simba," she told him softly, using her kindest voice. "I'm going to take care of this. You'll be back to normal in no time."

"Hey, hey," said Haiba, tapping Nala on the side. "Why don't you kiss him?"

Nala sighed. "Not this again," she said. "Haiba, I've had enough of you and your sick little interests in—"

"No, no, no," said Haiba, shaking his head. "You don't understand. I heard a story about this once before. If you kiss a frog, then you get a handsome prince in return. My mother told me that story as a baby."

Nala had an unconvinced look on her face. "What happened in the end?"

"Oh, there was a big war with lots of blood and stuff involved," he replied. "But the point still stands. Go on. Kiss Simba. You kiss him enough anyway."

Nala stared at him, and then at Simba. "Oh, all right," she finally agreed, before kissing the frog Simba.

Releasing him from the kiss, she looked down at Simba, expecting him to suddenly get his body back, or something like that.

But nothing happened. "Great," Nala said, before turning to Haiba. "Any more bright ideas?"

"Maybe the story *wasn't* true, after all," he said, shrugging at her. "Sorry."

"Now what are we going to do?" the small frog Simba squeaked, a hopeless look on his face. "We're doomed! Doomed, I tell you!"

Nala thought for a moment, when one of her greatest ideas ever popped into her head. "I've got it!" she exclaimed.

Haiba sniffled, rubbing his nose with a paw. "Yeah, I've got it, too. I think there's some kind of cold going around."

"Not your cold, silly! I've got a plan!" Nala told him, a grin on her face. "Simba and the frog switched minds, right?"

Haiba nodded. "Yes. So?"

"So, think about this: what if his powers didn't get transferred, too?" Nala asked him.

"I don't understand," said Haiba, narrowing his eyes.

Nala rolled her eyes, and looked down at Simba. "Simba, stick that tongue of yours in my ear," she instructed.

Simba looked disgusted. "What?" he exclaimed. "Aw, come on, Nala. Do I have to?"

"Yes," Nala replied, before pointing to her right ear. "Come on. It'll only be for a second."

The frog Simba sighed. "Oh, all right, then." His long tongue shot out, going inside Nala's ear.

It only took a few moments for her eyes to glow green, indicating she had been placed into a trance.

Haiba's eyes widened in surprise. "Oh, I get it," he realised, waving a paw in front of Nala's face. Her expression remained motionless. "So now it's *Simba* that can brainwash people."

Simba's new tongue retracted back into his mouth. "I think I'm beginning to see Nala's plan," he said, a smile appearing on his face.

"No!" Froggy cried, as he tripped over a dead branch on the ground, collapsing to the hard ground. "Stupid ground!" he cursed. "Who puts a branch in the middle of nowhere?"

Froggy was outside the forested area now, and was stuck in what Simba had referred to as the middle of nowhere. He was right. There seemed to be nothing around for miles and miles and miles.

He slowly got to his paws, and then kept on walking. "Just keep moving," he told himself. "You can't let those stupid cubs catch up with you, Froggy. It'd just be embarrassing."

"You were saying?" said Nala, a little smile on her face.

Nala and Haiba were stood a few feet in front of Froggy. Nala had the frog Simba on top of her head.

"How did you do that?" Froggy exclaimed in disbelief. "I was ahead of you! I was *sure* of it!"

"Not sure enough," said Nala, her smile widening. "We're just very sneaky cubs."

Froggy growled, extending his claws. "That's it!" he snarled furiously, ready to pounce at her. "I'm gonna tear you to pieces!"

"Go ahead," Nala instructed. "See where it gets you. I warn you – this is all going to end in tears."

With an angry cry, Froggy leapt at Nala, pinning her down to the ground. "Prepare to die!" he said with an evil laugh. He was going to enjoy every minute of this! Every. Single. *Minute*!

Simba fell to the ground, but quickly jumped to his feet, his long tongue shooting out into Froggy's ear – just as Nala had planned.

Instantly, Froggy stumbled away, crying out in surprise. It wasn't long before his eyes were glowing a bright green.

Froggy blinked, and then suddenly his new body collapsed to the ground, motionless.

Nala watched as Simba's eyes slowly flickered open, and he pushed himself to his paws, looking around. "You're back!" Nala cried, grabbing Simba – who was back in his original body – and hugging him tightly.

Haiba cleared his throat from behind the two. "Ahem. I'd like my hug now, please," he said. "I don't care if it's from Simba or Nala – you're both equally hot."

"Oh, just come here," Nala said quickly, finally giving Haiba the hug that he deserved. She then gave him a kiss on the cheek as an added bonus.

"But what about me?" Froggy asked in a whiny tone, back to being a frog once more.

"You?" Nala said, pointing down at Froggy. "You're going home!"

With that, she picked Froggy up, and hurled him high into the air, sending him back to his strange home. The last they heard was the sound of him screaming.

"And another problem solved by the three best cubs in the world!" Haiba declared happily, a smile on his face.

"Well, I'd say it was *Nala* who saved the day," said Simba, walking forward. "She's the one who figured it out."

"I can *always* figure something out, Simba," she told him as they walked along. "So... how long will it take to get back home?"

"A few hours," Simba replied. "Sorry."

"Oh, don't worry about it," Nala said. "At least we're safe."

"But how do you even know we're going the right way?" Haiba wondered.

"Oh, that's easy," Simba said, turning around. "You just have to—"

The three cubs gasped when they saw that the forest was no longer there. It had vanished. All that remained was the dirt and the holes and the dead weeds.

"But... but where did it... all... go?" Haiba asked in disbelief. "It was there, and just... Now... now it's gone!"

"Kufa inawadia..."

Simba whipped round to face Nala and Haiba. "Please tell me you heard it that time," he quickly said.

Nala and Haiba exchanged confused looks between each other. "Heard what?" Nala asked.

Simba sighed. "Something's wrong. I'm hearing voices but no one else is."

"What voices?"

"Two words," Simba replied, a concerned look on his face. "And I don't even know what they mean."

He looked up at the sky. "I think someone wants to catch my attention."

The End

AN: Foreshadowing! I love a good secret, don't you? Ooh, I just can't wait for this series' finale! But we've got a while, yet. However, I will say this: it is gonna be *huge*!

NEXT TIME: The three cubs come across a mysterious pride, who worship a god that just happens to look like Simba...